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BROOKVILLE, FRANKLIN COUNTY, INDIANA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1856.

WHOLE NUMBER 1207

A cloud arose to break away the gleaming light But ah! within was anguish: for the blight Of withering death was there.

ISON DIRECTORY.

By death a plaintiff but melodious music went

"I know, O God, my hopes were crushed by thee

Y.—DEALER IN GROCERIES AND

I will not mormur at thy sore decree! PURNITURE.

ER MARKET AND WALRUT STREETS,

TEL -- CORNER MAIN & MARKET

BANKLIN COUNTY DIRECTORY

County Officers.

metice of the Pence.

MION COUNTY DIRECTORY.

PAYETTE COUNTY DIRECTORY

e, just received atNo. : Com-LINCK & PARQUHAR.

How, and for sale by LINGK & PARQUHAR.

Remaining as I saw him first; Untained by the tempter's blight, By cruel treachery uncurst.

In which to plant the deathless spark— In which to plunge his deadlest daris! Young Harold met a beautious maid,

Of poet-painter e'er conceived, And that the heart within confined Was faultless too, the boy believed.

So brilliant off, and over clear, Was like the blue of summer skies When not a cloudlet lingers near.

Upon her tips a god might dweil;
And round her graceful neck the wealth
Of shining golden tresses fell.

Earth's most augulic forms may be A sfair as beaven and false as bell!

Beneath the butterfly's gay wings! Alas! that man's great heart should be A toy for woman's idle play-

May break at will and throw away ! Coleste smiled upon the youth-Her smiles went to his noble heart , And soon the flower of love, forsooth,

Then, when he at her feet laid down His heart with manly hope and trust, She spurned the treasure with a frown, And crushed it, bleeding, in the dust.

When Hope's bright star goes down for aye,
To Lethean streams we long to go—
Young Harold, ere another day,
flad in the wine-cup drowned his wos.

How all his manhood perished in "The damning beverage of hell"-

How his pure soul was steeped in ain For months and years I need not tell. Enough to say-that maniy form,-

That brow which once such promise gave-That heart, once with love's feelings warm, Now lies within a drunkard's grave.

LOOK AT HOME.

Do not form opinions blindly, hose of whom we've the'l unit

Original and Selected Boetry.

But from her beart the spell

Few years ago I knew a youth,

Of a false world could lure him with its wiles, Into the paths of sin. Taken by angels bright, To their blest home, and now that Shunannite

The fire of genius brightly gleamed. And on his forehead, fair and high, The light of mental glory beamed.

A few his glory sought to mar, And on his name to cast a blight, He eared not for the envious few. One object, only one, he knew-

Wherever duty's voice might cail A lasting honor to the Sar, The Pulpit, or the Senate hell. 'He might have been!" sh, yes, he might,

Can long romain untouched, unthrilled Like Death, Love loves a shining mark, And Cupid seeks the noblest hearts,

Some earthly heart and home to bless.

. Have hearts, in which deceit may dwell ?

Around the meanest earthly things ; Tis but a loathsome worm that hides

A toy of little worth, which she

With vigorous growth began to start. With woman's art she threw the spell

Of witching beauty round his soul, Till every other idel fell, And she reigned there without control.

Faults you may in others view, Ask your own heart, e'er you venture, If that has not failings too.

Let not friendly vows be broken, Rather strive a friend to gain; Many a word in anger spoken Finds its passage home again

Do not, in idle pleasure, Triffe with a brother's fame; Guard it as a valued treasure-Sacred as your own good name.

man, thosting game is he traveled and content south; provided and content south; provi

BROOKVILLE, FRANKLIN COUNTY, INDIANA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1866.

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"See a mix that "Garden and any of the part of t